

The Register



MARCH, 1923

VOL. XLII

NO. 6

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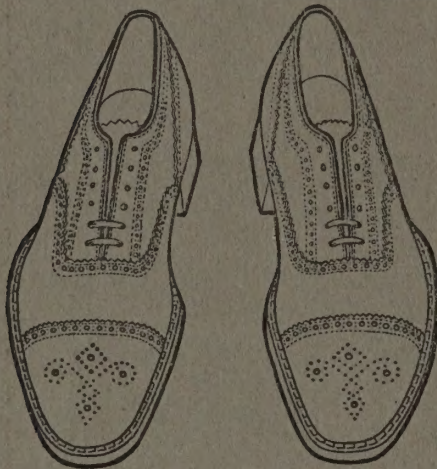
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Latin School Register

March, 1923

CONTENTS

THE STAFF	2
TEN TREES IN A ROW	2
HISTORY OF THE LATIN SCHOOL	4
Part. IV <i>Philip Flynn</i>	
CARTOON: "DECLAMATION",	6
<i>C. L. Solomont</i>	
GONE ARE THE DAYS	7
<i>Louis Tobin</i>	
DRAMATICS	9
SHATTERED HOPES	10
<i>Louis Tobin</i>	
SCHOOL NOTES	12
FOURTH CLASS DEBATING CLUB	13
SPORTS	14
A COMPANION	18
<i>Louis Ginsberg</i>	
FUNNY FABLES	20

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VOLUME XLII.

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Ten Trees In A Row

By L. H. Seiff

The wind was growing stronger. The chill frost of the Russian winter bit cruelly into one's bones. Dusk was falling.

Trudging slowly, knee-deep in the snow, Blodvitch drew his warm cloak more closely about his massive form. His steps were turned toward the snow-bound village of Svida. With a slow movement of his great head, he looked to his left. A harsh chuckle burst from his benumbed lips as he looked at the beautiful castle of Count Bernstoff.

"Count Bernstoff!" The sarcastic words readily escaped from his sneering heart.

He stood there no longer, but steadily made his way toward a lone cabin at the border of the village. In a short time he was at its door.

He gave four raps; two in quick succession, and the other two between pauses. The door was opened by a typical peasant, who reverently bowed to the new arrival.

"Are they all here?" asked Blodvitch impatiently.

"All here, master," answered the peasant, as he helped Blodvitch remove his heavy clothing.

"Good!" And with this word, Blodvitch entered an adjoining room. Here was a large, rude table, and around it were seated ten men. As he entered they all sprang to their feet, and respectfully saluted him. With a nod of his head, he acknowledged their greeting. He went to the head of the table, and pensively sat down.

He was a huge man, was Blodvitch!

His immense stature proclaimed him as a leader among men. His black beard showed his great power and virility. His beautiful head, now leaning thoughtfully upon his hand, was the admiration of his fellows. What a man!

Suddenly he stood up.

"Comrades," he said, "the time has come! I repeat it; the time has come! Our great principles have gained a firm foothold in the land.

"The great struggle will soon begin. And, as the most ardent of all rebels, we shall strike the first blow; light the first bomb; and kill the first tyrant.

"To-morrow at midnight, the castle of Count Bernstoff will go up in fire and smoke. The noise of the bomb will be heard miles around, proclaiming the glorious cause, and the count will perish with his home. Such is our vengeance!"

Blodvitch sat down. Silence filled the room. All was still. Then a ripple of applause was heard, growing louder, louder, until the room was filled with the noisy shouts of these men.

The noise ceased. Blandevesky was standing. Blandevesky was the newest member of this band. He had shown his valor once before, and now the men prepared to listen to his words.

"Master," he said. "Master, can you mean to destroy that beautiful palace? Such a home must not be destroyed for the simple reason that we wish to rid ourselves of the count. Why, in one year, that castle will be the central headquarters of rebellion. Shall we deny ourselves such a privilege? Master, we shall not!

"A better way, master, to get rid of him, is *this*!" and he significantly pointed at the sharp knife in his belt.

"He is right. He is right," affirmed the men.

"He is indeed right!" beamed their leader. "But, Blandevesky, what are your plans?"

"Master, the count will go out for a walk next Saturday afternoon at three o'clock, as he is accustomed. We can lie in wait at the door of the castle, and finish him then and there."

"Good!" grunted Blodvitch. "Comrades, we meet here next Saturday at noon. You are dismissed!"

It was ten minutes to three. Nervously, the men at the sides of the castle door fingered their knives. Blandevesky was not there. Blodvitch had gone to visit this comrade, who, in his rude bed, tossed from side to side in a fever. Blandevesky would not be able to strike the first blow.

A noise was heard within the house. "S-sh!" whispered the leader, and the men swiftly crouched by the wall. The noise was coming nearer! A hand was laid on the doorknob on the inside. The door began to open! One minute and—

"Hands up!" shouted a harsh voice. The men sprang to one side. Slowly they turned around, ready to leap at their unseen adversary. But they did not leap! They were facing a company of infantry. And at their head was—Blandevesky!

Sneeringly he commanded them to drop their weapons. Dazedly they complied. A servant came out of the opening door, carrying ten pairs of handcuffs. One by one, he silently slipped them on their limp wrists.

"But, Blandevesky—," came the pitiful appeal from the crestfallen Blodvitch.

"I am not Blandevesky, sir; I am the Count Berstoff!"

* * * * *

The wind was abating its force. The sun was coming out. The shadows of

ten trees in a row were cast on the snow-covered ground. And from each of these trees hung the lifeless body of a

man, swinging on a rope! Swinging, swinging into eternity.

—L. H. Seiff '25.



History of The Latin School

Part IV

Williams and Lovell

In August, 1708, Nathaniel Williams was appointed master of the school. Mr. Williams had for some time been an assistant to Mr. Cheever. He was graduated from the Latin School and then from Harvard College. He was the first pupil of the school to become its master. Williams was originally ordained a clergyman for duty in the West Indies. The climate did not agree with him, however, and he soon returned to Boston. During his stay in the Indies he had studied medicine, and upon his return engaged, for a while, in practice as a physician. Even after his appointment as master he continued his practice in many families, and after he retired as master he passed his remaining days in that occupation.

Mr. Williams was liked by his pupils and patients alike. He was called the "beloved physician". It was said: "His voice and countenance did good like medicine". Along with his duties as master and physician, he never left the ministry.

On March 13, 1709, it was voted to grant Mr. Williams an assistant. At the same meeting we find the origin of our present School Committee:

"We further propose, as of Great Service and Advantage for the promoting of Diligence and good literature, That the Town Do

Nominate and Appoint a Certain Number of gentlemen, of Liberal Education, Together with some of ye Revd. Ministers to be Inspectors of the Sd Schools under that name To Visit ye Schools when and as Oft, as they shall think it fit to Enform themselves of the methodes used in the teaching of ye Schollars and to Inquire of their Proficiency And Advise of further methods for ye Advancement of Learning and Good Government of ye Schoole."

A Mr. Thayer was appointed as usher or assistant to Williams at the salary of forty pounds a year.

In 1711, a free grammar school was established in the North End. This school subsequently became the Eliot School and it supplied many candidates to Latin School. Samuel Huhb, Latin headmaster of the Latin School, was its master.

Williams also had as assistant Jeremiah Gidley, who was succeeded by John Lovell. Williams resigned in 1734 and died in 1738.

John Lovell was appointed very soon after Williams' resignation. He was master of the school for some forty-two years. He was master during the trying time previous to and at the beginning of the Revolution. However, during his term as master, some of the most

famous graduates of the school were taught by him. The school was now getting a nation-wide reputation and boys were sent to attend it even from as far away as Carolina.

Lovell, while he was a very learned man and a good teacher, was severe and rough, a rigid disciplinarian, and thoroughly feared by all of his pupils. Annually there was a visit by the new School Committee. The lower classes recited in their regular studies and the best scholar gave an essay in Latin.

The following is an account of the school in Lovell's time as given by a pupil:

"Immediately after the end of commencement week, I repaired to old Master Lovell's house. Having passed muster in the examination, I was admitted as second boy in the lowest form.

"The school was divided into seven classes. A separate bench or form was allotted to each, besides a "skipping" form, for a few boys who were intended to be pushed forward one year in advance. The books studied the first year were: Cheever's 'Accidence', Nomenclature and Corderius 'Colloquies'. The second year, Aesop's Fables, Eutropius and Lilly's Grammar. The third year Eutropius and the grammar and a book called Clarke's 'Introduction'. In the fourth year the pupils commenced making Latin, as the phrase was, and also studied Caesar. School opened at seven A. M. in the summer and eight in the winter. It closed at eleven A. M. and re-opened at one P. M. and then went until five P. M. The discipline of the school was strict, but not too severe. The Master, 'Old Gaffer', as we called him, had his desk near the south-west corner of the room; Master James Lovell, his son, had his desk in the opposite corner. I remember to have seen no other instru-

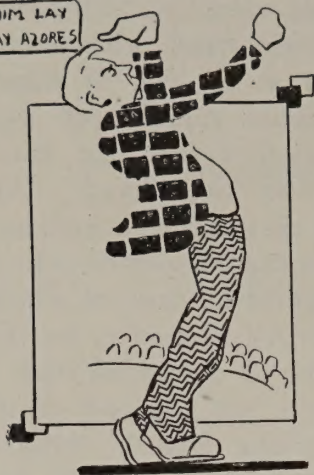
ment of punishment than the ferule. Old Gaffer's ferule was a short, stubbed, greasy looking article, which, when not in use, served him as a stick of sugar candy. The lightest punishment was one clap, the severest four, the most usual two, one on each hand. The inflictions of the old gentleman were not much dreaded; his ferule seemed to be a mere continuation of his arm, of which the centre of motion seemed to be the shoulder. The ferule descended with a whack, and there was the end of it, after blowing on the fingers. Master James' method of wielding this weapon was another affair. He had a gymnastic style of flourishing, altogether unique—a mode of administering our experimentum ferules that was absolutely terrific. He never punished in Gaffer's presence, but when the old gentleman had retired, . . . he smiled sardonically, as if preparing for a pugilistic effort, and the execution as nearly resembled the motion of a flail in the hands of an expert thrasher as could be acquired by long practice. School broke up at ten A. M. Thursday. School opened in the morning with 'Attendamus' to a short prayer. It ended with 'deponite libros'.

"The boys had a recess of a few short minutes, eight at a time. No leave was asked in words but a short club was caught up by some boy, 'round whom those who wished to go out clustered, and were drilled down to eight. The club was then held up to the master's nose, who nodded assent, and the eight vanished, club in hand. Upon their return there was a rush to seize the club, and a new conscription of eight formed.

"The old master was a loyalist, and admitted to the coteries of General Gage. Master James, on the contrary, was an ultra-whig. He remained in town after the siege commenced, was imprisoned carried off by the

Our Idea of Nothing At All

BEHIND HIM LAY
THE GRAY AZORES



Well, at least we don't have to
do this until next year —



Y
O
U
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With neck but thrust —
we fancy how; —



Under the spreading chestnut
tree
The village smithy stood.
He didn't know the difference
For his head was made of
wood —



Embarrassing Moments

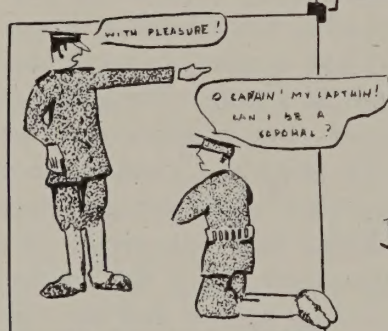
GEE! WHAT THE
HECK IS THE NEXT
WORD? I'M IN
SOME HOLE!



His First Declaration



Why not try this? — YE FRESHIES?

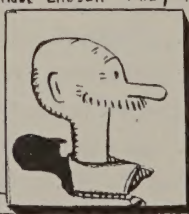


7-7-7 YOU TELL
EM I S-S-SUTTER

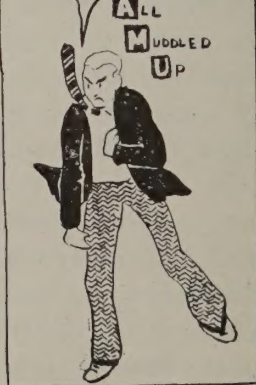
AT, TEAR HER TATTERED ENSIGN DOWN, LONG HAS
IT HUNG ON LOW, YET FOURSCORE & SEVEN YEARS
AGO. OUR BARK WAS TRUE AND TRIED. THEY
HELD A COUNCIL STANDING BEFORE THE JUDGE SEVERE
AND IF AT ONCE YOU DON'T SUCCEED, TRY TRY
AGAIN. 'T WAS THE BRAVEST BATTLE THAT EVER
WAS FOUGHT, BUT A MAN'S A MAN FOR A' THAT.
NO, FISH DON'T PERSPIRE, IN THE SEA! THE SEA!
THE BEAUTIFUL SEA! WHERE UP FROM THE CELLAR
KIM WITH ROUGH MUSOFF THE DIRTY LIP CAME
STAGGERING THROUGH. BUT SLEEP, BABY, SLEEP.
THY FATHER WATCHES HIS COAL WHILE YOU
KNOW WE FRENCH STORMED RATISBON A MILE
OR SO AWAY, ON A LITTLE MOUND DIOGENES
SAT EATING HIS HONEST MAN.

Because of the loss of Cicero
declamers have chosen Andy for
their instructor —

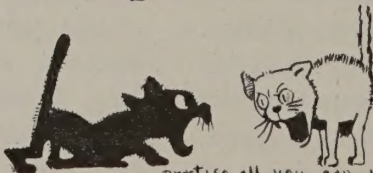
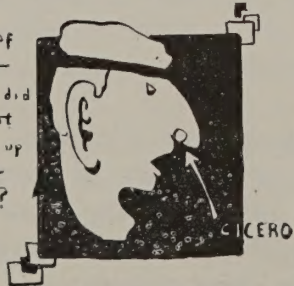
WITH
APOLOGIES
TO
SID SMITH



I THANK YOU
ALL
MUDDLED
UP



The pater of
Declamation —
But little did
he know that
it would end up
with this —
have you?



Advice for declaimers:
practise all you can in imploring
THE CATS IN YOUR BACK YARD TO
SHUT UP AT NIGHT —

C. L. SOLOMON

British, and came back after a long absence. On the accession of George Washington to the presidency, he received an appointment as Naval Officer, which he retained the rest of his life. (John Lowell went off with the British and died abroad.)

"On the 19th of April, 1775, I went to school for the last time. In the morning about seven, Percy's brigade was drawn up, extending from Scolloy's Building,

thro' Tremont Street, nearly to the bottom of the Mall, preparing for the march to Lexington. A corporal came up to me and chased me down Court Street and I came up School Street to the school house As I entered I heard the announcement of 'deponite libros' and ran home for fear of the regulars."

[To be continued in April]

—Philip Flynn '24

Gone are the Days

Louis Tobin '23

As I was walking down the street,
To my surprise, I chanced to meet
An old-time schoolboy friend.

I asked about our old home-town,
Told him that I might soon go down
To see it once again.

For, now and then from daily strife,
And tiresome trials of business life,
I like to get away.

To see the country farms again,
The peaceful women, children, men,
Who know no life that's gay.

With beaming face my friend began
To describe the town where once I ran
Barefooted, long ago.

"Main street's now the 'Great White
Way',
Where business is booming every day.
We have a millionaires' row."

"Where used to stand the old grist mill,
You now will find a burlesque bill,
The best you'd care to see.

"The little old meeting-house is no more
Where roses rambled over the door,
And over the garden seats—

"They've cut the woods and meadows
out,
And the brooks,—which fairly teemed
with trout.—
We now have business blocks."

The woods! The priceless paths and
ways,
Where I used to spend my boyhood days
Hunting the hare and fox.

So that's what became of my old home-
town?
Said I that perhaps I would go down
To see it once again?

There's naught to see there nowadays,
For all is changed in every way.
The glorious sun casts not his ray
On fresh-grown flowers, or new-mown
hay.
Nor as of old do children play
In the fields and woods midst flowers
gay,
Nor enjoy the merry month of May
As I did in the bygone day.
And so, I will not go. I'll stay
In the good old town of Boston, yea!



Dramatics

On the evening of May 4 the Latin School Dramatic Club will present its first play since 1916. It is entitled "His Uncle's Niece", a comedy funny to make even Tutankhamen laugh. The leading man is William Dunne, who takes the part of Francis Felton, the cause of all the trouble. He is ably assisted by J. F. Fitzpatrick, who plays the part of Dick Tate, a rising young lawyer.

The other male characters are E. C. Marget, who is the uncle—a man who never makes a mistake; J. H. McNeil, Philander Filmore, "humble but wise,"; C. W. Hunt who plays the part of a country "hick"; and C. A. Hayden, Silas Sicklemore, the village constable.

The female characters are played by W. H. Marnell, who takes the part of Dora Hale; M. H. Silverman, who takes that of Alice Malcom; and O. E. Vaccaro, who takes that of Mrs. Mullen.

The tickets for this play, will be fifty cents each. As all the seats are reserved and as the advance demand for tickets has been great, it is advisable for those who wish tickets to purchase them early.

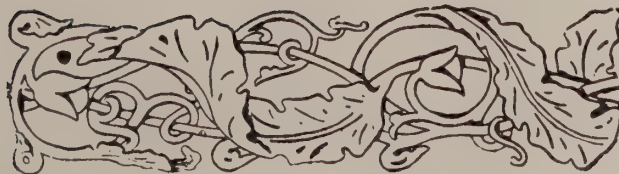
President—O. E. Vaccaro

Vice President—W. B. Dunne

Secretary—F. R. Sullivan

Business Manager—H. H. Blake

Stage Manager—Parks



Shattered Hopes

By Louis Tobin '23

George Melville was strolling leisurely through the city park. He wore a shabby coat, torn shoes, and was badly in need of a shave. He was of rather large build and with his clothes covering his body, one would think it very well developed; but his face showed signs of hunger and under-nourishment, for his cheeks were sunken and his cheekbones protruded. He wandered aimlessly, toward no particular destination, as if he were thinking.

Presently, he came to a bench with a solitary man sitting on it, reading a paper. The man on the bench had a quite different appearance than the first one. He was neatly dressed and looked like a gentleman of comfortable means. Melville sat down on the bench with an undecided air.

It was in the afternoon of a beautiful June day. The gorgeous sun was sinking in the west, casting its last rays across pinkish skies. The birds, telling *their* tale of contentment and happiness, were twittering their last chirps of the day. The fragrance of early flowers was wafted through the air of the park. Somewhere, in the distance, a church bell was chiming the hour.

Melville sat on the bench, looking into space, with an appearance of hope on his grizzled countenance. Presently, a gust of wind blew the newspaper of the man sitting near him, into his lap. Mother Nature ever lends a helping hand.

"Nice afternoon," commented Melville, as he handed back the paper.

"Yes, very," agreed the well-dressed stranger.

"Pardon me," he added, "but, are you ill? Your face looks rather pallid and weak. Perhaps I can be of some assistance."

Then Melville told him his story.

He was alone in the world. He had no recollection of his parents, for all he could remember was being cast out of an orphanage when but a child. The only persons with whom he could then come into contact were street-ruffians. He had adopted their habits and become a thief. The inside of a jail was a familiar sight to him. His picture was in the rogues' gallery.

This afternoon he was released from jail, after having served a sentence of three months. He was penniless. But, somehow, the advent of summer, the beautiful scenes that accompany it, inspired him to bigger things. He had resolved to get a position, work hard, and by earnest endeavor, try to reform. No more "roughneck's" life for him. Although his clothes were ragged, he would seek occupation.

Melville's story moved the well-dressed one a little, and he saw his chance of helping a poor soul reform.

"Here is some money," he said, "I trust this will aid you sufficiently."

"Gosh, thanks, mister. This is great!" said Melville, his face beaming with joy. "No more of the 'great outdoors' for me."

With that he rose, and again sauntered through the park nonchalantly, now meditating on the bright future, now reviewing his days of incessant indolence. What a beautiful world! Why had he not reformed before? These thoughts went through Melville's mind.

Then he turned out of the park, down a side street. There was no one in sight. It was extremely quiet. Glancing, as he walked, at the great mansions bordering the street of a wealthy neighborhood, a shiver of lonesomeness ran down his back. Then he stopped. From somewhere, somewhere, came the wonderful, soft strains of a violin, borne

on the wings of a gentle breeze to Melville's ear. His soul thrilled. He stood there, listening, entranced, and thought he was in heaven. Angels were floating around him. St. Peter was ushering him through the gates of paradise. He was putting his gentle hand on Melville's shoulder.—Thud!

He felt a grip on his shoulder. Turning his head, he looked into the great, red, scrutinizing face of an officer. "Come on!" growled the arm of the law.

"Looking for an 'easy' house?"

"Just a minute, officer, I—"

But no; no time for explanation. He must tell it to the judge.

In the courthouse, the huge officer told the story to the judge. His version was that Melville was standing near a window looking in to see if the road was clear. The judge asked the prisoner what he had to say for himself.

"Your Honor," began Melville, "I had decided to reform. I was listening to some wonderful music when the officer pulled me in."

"Same old story," sneered the judge.

"Three months. Attempted robbery."



Far out on west horizon,
The shades of sable night
Drop down below the hill-tops,
Fleeing the goodly light.

Up from the eastern side
Climbs the God of all that is,
Spreading o'er the universe,
Enlightenment to the eyes.

Whate'er has happened yesterday,
Let travel with the night.
Look forward to next morn's approach,
An era of new light.

—L. T. '23

School Notes

By P. S. Keating

Fishgal of the fourth class, played remarkably well at the Washington's Birthday exercises. His accompanist, McCarthy, also upheld the honor of the school.

Our fifth and last Public Declamation was held in the hall on Friday, February 9th. We await the announcement of the selections for the prize declamation, in June.



ALUMNI NOTES

Brig. Gen. Edward L. Logan '94 has been elected president of the National Guard Association of the United States. General Logan was on the staff of the Evacuation Day parade, March 17, 1923. He has also been elected to the committee on War Memorial of the Associated Harvard Clubs. Other alumni on this Committee are Dr. Charles W. Eliot '49, George Bernard de Gersdorff '84, and Arthur Woods '88.

On the committee of Policy on Publicity, we find the name of a former Latin School boy, Henry Adams Belows. On other committees are George Santayana '82 and Dr. Charles Eliot '49.

Mr. Henry Pennypacker '88, former headmaster of the Latin School, 1910-1920, and at present chairman of the Board of Admission at Harvard, was chosen chairman of the Committee on Schools.

Harold B. Bross '18 is with the William Filene and Sons Co., of Boston. His home is at 76 Gainsborough Street, Boston.

The first dinner of the reorganized Harvard Club of France was held on November 25, 1922, at the Hotel Lutetia in Paris. Among those present were George Hussey Gifford '09, and G. A. Saxton '18.

On December 12, 1922, the Harvard Business School Club was addressed by President Emeritus Charles W. Eliot. Dr. Eliot explained the circumstances under which the Business School was founded and traced in a very interesting way its history up to the present time.

Edmunds Brothers & Co., Bankers, of which John Winthrop Edmunds '94 is the senior member, have moved their offices from 50 State Street to 24 Federal Street, Boston. The other member of the Edmunds family in the bank is William Edmunds '96.

At the annual winter outing of the Harvard Club of New Jersey, the success of the outdoor sport and indoor frivolity was due to the president of the club, Rufus W. Sprague '93.

James Marshall Pluner '17 is with the Chinese Maritime Customs Service. His address is in care of the Commissioner of Customs, Shanghai, China.

At the Martin dinner of the New York Harvard Club, Gardner Lamson, a former Latin School boy, was present.

A spirited treatise on the community feeling at Harvard was written by a former Latin School boy for the Alumni Association Bulletin.

Constantine E. McGuire, '08, has been created a Knight of St. Gregory by the Pope. Mr. McGuire recently resigned as assistant secretary-general of the Inter-American High Commission and is now the assistant director of the Institute of Economics at Washington, D. C. His home address is 1760 Euclid Street, Washington, D. C.

Albert Morton Biersladt '07 has changed his name to Albert Morton Turner, assuming the name of his mother's family. He is assistant pro-

fessor of English at the University of Maine.

Edward Robinson '75 and Edward Perkins Davis '95 were among those nominated by the committee to suggest candidates for the Overseers of Harvard College and directors of the Alumni Association.

Dr. Archibald T. Davison '98 will give three courses in music for the training of teachers at the Harvard Graduate School of Education. Dr. Davis is associate professor of music there.

William Charles Guay '14 was married at Lynn, Mass., September 26, 1921, to Miss Beatrice Lecomte. A daughter, Constance Lecomte Guay, was born to them July 2, 1922. They live at 12 Endicott Street, Lynn.

FOURTH CLASS DEBATING CLUB

By C. G. Odenweller

A regular meeting of the Fourth Class Debating Club was held on March 6. A constitution was read and accepted

and an election of officers took place. The following were elected:

President—R. B. Rogers (107)

Vice President—W. A. Parks (107)

Secretary—J. J. Gurnessy (107)

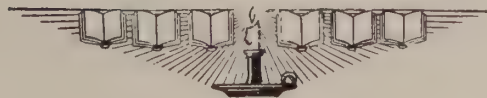
Treasurer—A. A. Rosenberg (200)

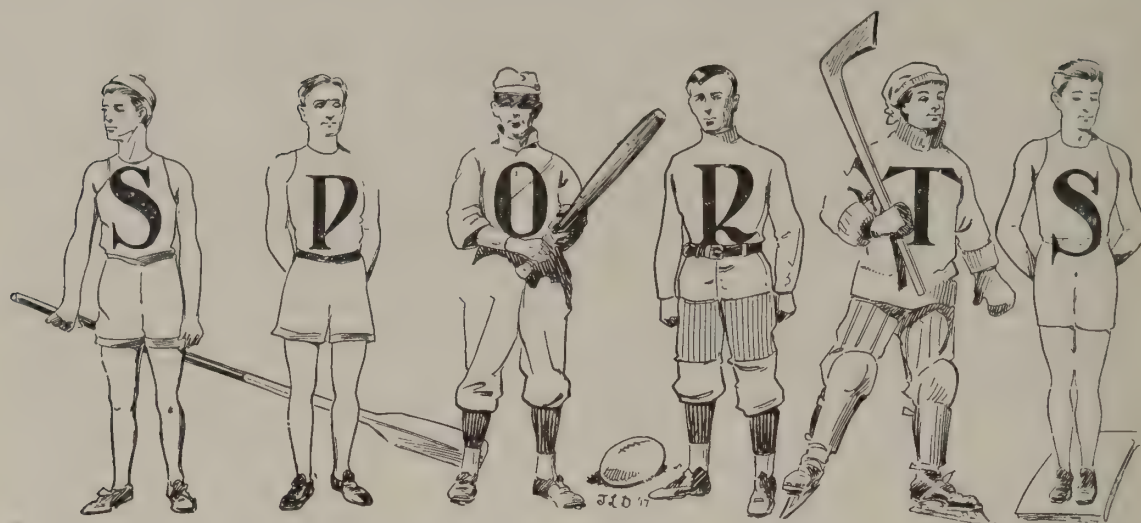
An open debate was held during the second meeting on March 13 in Room 206 on the question: "*Resolved: That Congress should pass the Bonus Bill for the soldiers.*" Several good debaters were discovered but no vote was taken as to who won.

During the third meeting, on March 20, a regular debate was held on the question: "*Resolved: That France should evacuate the Ruhr Valley immediately.*" Crowley of Room 318 and Birnbaum of Room 101, taking the affirmative against Parks of 107 and Delissa of 101 on the negative. The affirmative won.

Mr. Pierce has kindly consented to become critic of the club and through his helpful suggestions the club's progress has been remarkable.

The last three issues of the *Register* for 1922-23 will be *special numbers*. This year the *Alumni Number* appears in April, followed by a *Class Day* issue in May. *Graduation Number* appears in June. Knowing this sequence, the fellows who want to offer contributions may the better guide themselves.





THE MECHANIC ARTS MEET.

The Latin School track team, by overwhelming the tracksters from Mechanic Arts, started off the month of March in fine fashion. The field events, held in the drill hall before a large audience, found Latin on top 70 1—2 to 28 1—2. The feature of the field events was the excellent jumping of Becherer, who cleared the bar at 5 ft. 4 in. Dunn was only an inch behind him. Elton was not forced to extend himself in winning the shot put, and Barry took second place. Gordon won the intermediate broad jump, bettering the senior distance. The juniors also performed well in their events.

The running events were well contested. Cummings of Mechanics took the senior hurdles, but Latin School took all the other places. Swift of Mechanics showed the way in the dash. Joe Ingolsby romped away with the six-hundred in very fast time. Denvir, his team-mate, uncorked a fine sprint at the gun lap and came in second. Latin men showed up finely in the "1000", winning the first three places. Herb Ryan, running his first race; led all the way and had enough left to carry him across as the winner. Gordon and O'Brien led the intermediate hurdles.

These two, together with Demoselle, the sprinter, are expected to place in the Regimental Games. In the junior "160" Finklestein beat out his team-mate, Cohen, in the final dash for the tape. These two boys have shown their heels to all their competitors this year in their specialty. Holzman, the intermediate "600" yarder, has improved all through the year and now stands as one of the best in his division.

The final score of the meet stood 142 1—2 to 77 1—2. The summary:

SENIOR DIVISION

50-Yard Low Hurdles—Won by Cummings, Mechanic Arts High; Becker, Boston Latin, second; O'Brien, Boston Latin, third; McCarthy, Boston Latin, fourth.

50-Yard Dash—Won by Swift, Mechanic Arts High; Kline, Mechanic Arts High, second; Hammer, Boston Latin, third; Savage, Boston Latin, fourth.

300-Yard Run—Won by Collins, Mechanic Arts High; Sullivan, Boston Latin, second; Weeks, Mechanic Arts High, third; Ashjian, Mechanic Arts High, fourth.

600-Yard Run—Won by Ingolsby, Boston Latin; Denvir, Boston Latin, second; Fallon, Mechanic Arts High, third; Rossitor, Mechanic Arts High, fourth.

1000-Yard Run—Won by Ryan, Boston

Latin; Walsh, Boston Latin, second; Keefe, Boston Latin, third; Beady, Mechanic Arts High, fourth. Time, 2m 46s.

INTERMEDIATE DIVISION

50-Yard Low Hurdles—Won by Gordon Boston Latin; O'Brien, Boston Latin, second; Favello, Mechanic Arts High, third; Lanata, Mechanic Arts High, fourth.

50 Yard Dash—Won by D'Moselle. Boston Latin; McDermott, Boston Latin, second; Lucy, Mechanic Arts High, third; Clifford, Mechanic Arts High, fourth.

220-Yard Run—Won by McCormick, Mechanic Arts High; Shumnovanian, Mechanic Arts High, second; Tucker, Boston Latin, third; Leary, Mechanic Arts High, fourth.

600-Yard Run—Won by Holzman, Boston Latin; Lindberg, Mechanic Arts High, second; Feinberg, Mechanic Arts High, third; Gaffney, Boston Latin, fourth. Time, 1m 32 3-5s.

JUNIOR DIVISION

50-Yard Dash—Won by Tyler, Boston Latin; Epstein, Boston Latin, second, Pugh, Mechanic Arts High, third; Horwitz, Boston Latin, fourth.

160-Yard Run—Won by Finklestein, Boston Latin; Cohen, Boston Latin, second; Burke, Mechanic Arts High, third; Nicholson, Boston Latin, fourth.

THE RELAY CARNIVAL.

At the annual Regimental Relay Carnival Latin School made the best showing of all the Boston Schools. Although English High School won two championships, Latin School scored a big triumph when the two-lap relay won, making a new record. Up to this time, the relay team had made a poor showing and had lost to English High at both the Knights of Columbus

games and the American Legion meet. This record-breaking team however, was a different one and was composed of Haggerty, Sullivan, Hunt, and Ingoldsby, in that order. It led all the way and increased the lead until it won by thirty-five yards over its ancient rival, English High.

The intermediate team of Gordon, O'Brien, Nolan, and Demoselle won the city championship in their class.

First they won their heat easily and then triumphed over English High. In the final event they won from East Boston with yards to spare.

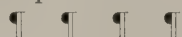
Our senior one-lap team of Hammer, Ryan, O'Brien, and Brown was eliminated in the semi-final round after winning the trial heat.

The Junior team, Cohen, Jakmaugh, Epstein, and Finklestein won the trial heat handily, but was defeated by the English High quartet in the final heat for the city school championship.

The senior one-lap championship went to English High after a hard battle with Brighton High, the District School champions.

This is the eighth successive year that Latin School has won the senior two-lap race. Back in 1917, the Purple and White quartet, with the brilliant Earl Dudley, present B. A. A. captain as anchor set up new figures of 3 min. 6 2—5 sec. for the distance. This stood until 1921 when McDermott, Hull, Glickman, and Hill cut it down to 3 min. 3 3—5 sec. Again last year Hunt, McDermott, Henry, and Sullivan took two more seconds off leaving it at 3 min. 1 3—5 sec. This year's team set up a record that will probably stand for some time. 2 min. 58 4—5 sec. is a record that has been bettered only by Brookline High's team in 1922.

It is better than the New England Preparatory School record held jointly by Worcester Academy and Huntington. We hope that Latin School may in the future keep up the winning streak and even break the present record.



A VICTORY FOR ENGLISH.

Before the largest crowd that has witnessed a dual meet at the East Armory this year, English High defeated Latin School, 128 to 92. The field events were held at English High and the Blue and Blue led by a big margin 65 to 34. The big surprise was the victory of Elton over Durant in the shotput. Brown, by his big leap in the high jump, tied with Maguire of English at 5 ft. 6 in.

Maguire also won the senior hurdle race, in very fast time. He led Frank Lyons to the tape in 6 4-5 sec. English cleaned up in the senior dash, with the first three places in hand. Daley, the favorite, only placed third. Joe Ingoldsby let McNabb of English set the pace but on the gun lap he raced to the front and easily showed his superiority over the rest of the field in record time. Capt. McKillop of English, who is expected to break the 1000 yard record in the Regimentals, took the lead in his event and gradually increased it until he crossed a winner by a margin of fifty yards. Oliver of English was second and Ryan of Latin, third.

Gordon and O'Brien, as usual, captured first and second places in the intermediate hurdles. Grant of English just barely nosed out Demoselles and McDermott of Latin School for first honor in the dash. Joe Nolan displayed great form in the "220" and is sure to follow in the footsteps of his brother.

At the gun lap in the intermediate "600" Holzman sprang to the front and after a great battle succeeded in

breasting the tape a winner. The Junior "160" had a decidedly Latin flavor with Cohen and Finklestein showing the way.

John Sullivan, in his return to track showed that he has the same form which carried him to a victory in the "300" in the "Reggies" last year.

The summary:

SENIOR DIVISION

50-Yard Low Hurdles—Won by Maguire. English: Lyons. Latin, second: Becherer. Latin third; Gold- man. Latin, fourth. Time, 64-5s.

50-Yard Dash—Won by McLaughlin. English; Goldberg, English, second; Daley, English, third; Hammer, Latin, fourth. Time. 6s.

300-Yard Run—Won by Sullivan, Latin; Haggerty, Latin, second; Foster, English, third; Dolson, English, fourth. Time. 36s.

600-Yard Run—Ingolsby, Latin; tie for second place between McNabb, English, and Cullen, English; Field, Latin, fourth. Time, 1m 22s.

1000-Yard Run—Won by McKillop, English; Oliver, English, second; Ryan, Latin, third; Colton, English, fourth. Time. 2m 30 1-5s.

INTERMEDIATE DIVISION

50-Yard Low Hurdles—won by Gordon Latin; O'Brien, Latin. second; Sacco, English. third; Ferguson. English, fourth. Time, 7 2-5s.

50-Yard Dash—Won by Grunt, English; De Moncell, Latin, second; McDermott, Latin, third; Freedman, English, fourth. Time. 6 1-5s.

220-Yard Run—Won by Joe Nolan. Latin; Bonitto, English, second; Tucker, Latin, third; Rose, English, fourth. Time. 27 3-5s.

600-Yard Run—Won by Holzman, Latin, Bissett, English, second; D'Marco. English, third; Goulds, English, fourth. Time. 1m 29 4-5s.

JUNIOR DIVISION

50-Yard Dash—Won by Gordon, English; Shapiro, English, second; Tyler, Latin, third; Epstien, English, fourth. Time. 6 3-5s.

160-Yard Run—Won by Cohen, Latin; Finkelstein, Latin, second; Finn, English, third; Garber, English, fourth. Time, 21 1-5s.



On March 13, the rifle team defeated East Orange, New Jersey High, 489-416. Potter's perfect score featured the match.

<i>Latin</i>		<i>East Orange</i>	
Potter	100	Bergoss	94
Keefe	99	Reddig	92
Emerson	98	Marx	81
Sullivan	96	Krussan	76

Cataldo	96	Cushing	73
	—		—
	489		416

On March 8 the rifle team defeated Dorchester in the first city championship match, 475-438. We were without the services of Potter and Emerson, but won with ease. Keefe duplicated Potter's feat in the East Orange match by scoring 100.

<i>Latin</i>		<i>Dorchester</i>	
Keefe	100	Martin	93
Sullivan	97	Cline	88
Sands	94	Eaton	87
Wilber	92	Wolf	85
Cataldo	92	Golder	85
	—		—
	475		438



A Companion

By Louis Ginsberg. '26

Something mysterious had happened. The excited crowd of people which assembled in the morning in front of the Kingsley Company were being told to move on by two civilians. Two or more pedestrians could be seen loitering on the opposite side of the street, "What's the matter?" This was the question which was being asked by everyone. It seemed as though the atmosphere itself proclaimed the fact that trouble was brewing.

It was one of those cool October days when one does not venture out of doors without the warm comfort of an overcoat. What had really happened? Not even the officers of the law knew, until a few moments later, Chief Riley of police headquarters strolled into the store where the hubbub had been. "Here, what's all this excitement about?" he asked in his authoritative voice. The head of the Kingsley Company had already arrived, and it was to him that the Chief had spoken. Anxiety and fear could be seen in his eyes. "I really do not know precisely what has happened," replied Mr. Kingsley, "but I will attempt to tell you the details as best I can. John Wells, who is the junior member of this firm, had been intrusted with the upkeep of this store. Everyday, at eight o'clock, for the past five years, this store has been opened by John himself. This morning, however, at the usual time John did not come. In his stead someone else had come, not to do John's work, but well, he attempted to rifle the safe. Fortunately he did not succeed, for I have examined the contents of the safe and have found everything untouched. What has happened to John? That is why I

have notified you." Then in nervous anxiety, he interlocked his hands behind his back, and strode from one end of the store to the other.

After a moment's hesitation, the Chief asked, "Where does this John you speak of live?" Having obtained the address the Chief coolly, as though nothing had happened, stepped hastily into his car, and directed the chauffeur whither to drive. A few minutes later they arrived at their destination. The Chief glanced about, and seeing two officers on the corner he hailed them and pointed out to them as briefly as possible exactly what had happened. He concluded the conversation by saying that they would enter Well's room and investigate to see if any possible clue to his whereabouts could be found. All three ascended the stairs. Having reached the second floor, they noticed a card on the door on which was inscribed in large black letters —

JOHN WELLS, JR.

They knocked on the door, but there was no response. They knocked again, louder than before. This time the thud reechoed throughout the house. "I judge we'll have to break in," said the Chief. "All together, boys, One! Two! Three!" The door did not resist; it flew open. Fumes of gas reached their nostrils. It was like a dense fog in the room. Someone reached for the windows and opened them. The form of a man could be seen stretched out on a couch. Evidently, it was a case of suicide. The room having been somewhat cleared, one of the officers espied a slip of paper on the table. He took it and handed it to the Chief. The Chief read it hastily to

himself, uttered a low cry, and walked over to the prostrate body. The officer took the slip of paper and read:—

“To whomever it may concern —
About eight years ago someone murdered Mr. Hardy, the multi-millionaire. It was I who did it. My pal, whose name I will not give, and I plotted this, and he is the only one who knows that I killed Mr. Hardy. After my getting in with the Kingsley Co., I received letters from my pal, who was still an outcast, stating that he would tell everything if I did not give him a certain sum of money. I did not have any money, so I took it from the Kingsley Co. I did this six times, and last week, I received another letter, requesting the sum of \$10,000. I then formed a plan. Next week was the time that I would have to show Mr. Kingsley how I had run the business. By doing this I would be found out, so I decided to enter the store this morning, take all

the money in the safe, and make my getaway. I had already succeeded in getting the safe door open, when the officer on duty tried the door. I dashed for the rear door and got out. The officer had not seen me. I was afraid to return. However, I had left the safe door open and so I thought that I would close it, when I opened the store in the morning. When I arrived home I perceived that my keys were gone. Then I remembered. In my haste to get out of the store, I had left the keys on the floor beside the open safe. What could I do now? I could not get in to the store and so I would have to get Mr. Kingsley's keys. I would have to explain. I would be convicted of attempting to steal. Then I ended it all by doing this.

John Wells Jr.

Alias

Red (Spike) Hennessey.





A DIG

Mr. Jolly (seeing his wife attending to flowers) "What a great little woman you are! Even the plants respond to your touch."

Mrs. Jolly "Yes; you're the only thing around the place that doesn't."

¶ ¶ ¶ ¶

FARM TALK

It was the custom of a certain headmaster, after explaining the meaning of a word, to test the effect of his explanation by asking for a word of opposite meaning.

One day he dwelt at length on the word "woe" and suddenly sprang on a day-dreamer the question, "Jack, what's the opposite of 'woe'?"

"Gee-up," was the answer.

¶ ¶ ¶ ¶

A DEAR FRIEND

Angus: "I hear yer friend, Donald, has married a third wife."

Sandy: "Ay, Donald's an expensive freend; two wreaths and three presents in fourteen years."

¶ ¶ ¶ ¶

He "Were I a raindrop and you a rose,

What do you think I'd do?"

She. "Why, you'd evaporate, I suppose,

And so I'd be rid of you."

THE ENGLISH OF IT

Englishman. "That new gown you are wearing is certainly ripping, bah jove!"

Girl: "Gracious, duke! Where?"

¶ ¶ ¶ ¶

GOT THEIR MONEY'S WORTH

Nevada Paper: "The beautiful renditions of several numbers by Miss Martha Scraggs was well worth the admission fee, which was purposely made small."

¶ ¶ ¶ ¶

She (describing Canadian trip): "Then we watched a boat shoot the rapids."

He: "Ah, a gun boat, I presume."

¶ ¶ ¶ ¶

HOBO HUMOR

"So Dusty is in jail again. What have dey got him doin'?"

"He's kinder proofreading, as usual."

"How'd yer mean?"

"Puttin' in periods after de judge's sentences."

¶ ¶ ¶ ¶

NOT LIKELY

Mrs. Gray: "I understand your husband can't meet his creditors."

Mrs. Green: "I don't believe he wants to."

¶ ¶ ¶ ¶

Mother: "Robert, stop that noise! If you don't mind I'll send you out of the room."

Bobby: "But I do mind; I want to play here."

• • • •

THOSE DEAR GIRLS

Madge: "Helen says she's ready to make up if you are."

Marie: "Tell her I suppose I'll be ready to make up, too, when my complexion gets as bad as hers."

¶ ¶ ¶ ¶

PLAIN AND FANCY SHUFFLING

"How come yuh ain't wukkin' today? Been fiahed?"

"N-n-aw. De man I wukked foh kinda resigned frum me."

"Whatcha mean, resigned frum yuh?"

"Resigned frum being mah boss."

"Uh—huh."

"How come yuh ain't wukkin' yoh own se'f? Has yuh been fiahed?"

"N-n-naw. De company I wukked foh done gwine out o' business."

"Which business is it gwine out of?"

"De business of lettin' me wuk foh it lak I was."

¶ ¶ ¶ ¶

GOVERNMENT RELIEF

"Well that income tax business is attended to and I feel relieved."

"Of how much?"

¶ ¶ ¶ ¶

"I don't want the car; it's too heavy."

"I'll throw in a couple of lamps; they'll make it lighter."

¶ ¶ ¶ ¶

RECLASSIFIED

Sporty Gent: "I want to buy a revolver."

Clerk: "In the basement, sir—domestic article section."

¶ ¶ ¶ ¶

A NEW SIGNATURE

An elderly colored woman entered the office of an estate to receive her regular

monthly wages. Not being able to write she had always made her mark on the receipt—the usual X; but this time she made a circle instead.

"What's the matter, Linda?" asked the clerk. "Why didn't you make the cross, as usual?"

"Well," said Linda, "Ah done got married yisterday an' changed mah name."

¶ ¶ ¶ ¶

WELL SUPPLIED

Visiting school dentist (to a little foreigner): "Have you any tooth brushes at home, my little man?"

Boy: "You bet we have tooth brushes at our house. We have lot's of 'em, too. My father drives an ash cart."

¶ ¶ ¶ ¶

FOR EMPHASIS

"Where were italics first used?" asks a subscriber..

The first time we remember seeing them was on a printed slip that read: "This is *past due*. Please give it your *prompt* attention."

¶ ¶ ¶ ¶

The agent on the reservation was trying to explain to tourists how the Indians got their names.

"It used to work this way. If a girl saw a timid fawn, she was called Fawn Afraid. If a young buck happened to spy a crazy buffalo, he might be called Crazy Bull."

"But the deer and buffalo have disappeared. Times have changed."

"That's just it. Half the girls in this tribe are named Tin Lizzie."

¶ ¶ ¶ ¶

AN AGREEMENT

She: "So your story was returned. It is too bad!"

He: "Yes, that's what the editor said about it."

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